



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. DECEMBER 17, 1831. NO. 15.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.
REMINISCENCES.

Travelling not long since through one of the New England States, I chanced to be detained by unpleasantness of weather at a small inn, in the village of ——. From a shattered box of papers standing in one corner of my room and which according to my landlady was the property of an old gentleman who died not long previous to my arrival, I took a manuscript directed to one whose name it is unnecessary to mention. The following is a faithful transcript then made with the permission of my obliging hostess.

‘Why should I rake up wounded feeling by recording the events which have secluded me from the society of men? I have lived seventy years in the world; my hair has whitened and my frame become enfeebled. The blood which in youth boiled through my veins and kept in manhood an even, healthful current, now moves along in its scanty, stagnant course through the time withered channels. The limbs strong and active, are weak and unwieldy, the eye which ‘borrowed expression from the soul’ is dull and filmy, my heart, furrowed by care and planted with sorrow, is thick with misery; the jealous, grasping ambition has been paralyzed, the warm affections withered when the objects around which they fondly twined fell to ruins, the ardent fancy which sometimes threw before my intellectual eye the prismatic beauties of a brighter state of being has long been quenched, and Hope, Hope, the cloudless orb of light which over the darkest prospect throws a gleam of peace, the angel of mercy which soothes the distressed and whispers through the lips of death the language of Heaven, has left me forever, and nought remains but a moral, painful desolation. I have read in my boyhood of woe and wept over fancied sorrows, but oh, never, never can we gauge human misery till taught by our own melancholy observation or sad experience. That much of the load of grief I have supported

has been accumulated by a morbid susceptibility, is perhaps the fact. The false view I took of the world in early life, the undisciplined passions over which I possessed and exercised little control, have no doubt contributed essentially, if not principally, to the unhappiness of my existence. Now, on the borders of eternity, I can retrace my devious journey and wonder that I should so frequently have forsaken the highway of wisdom for the erratic paths of unprofitable folly. I review the causes of my misfortunes and perceive the facility with which they might have been obviated. It is too late to repine. Other considerations demand my attention. Solemn thoughts in regard to the change I must shortly experience, and the new state of being upon which I shall ere long enter.

‘It is twilight and through the opened casement where I sit the bland air of a summer eve is breathing. Yonder shines the star I have so often watched. The far off low of cattle dies away by the waters of that gushing brook which leaves its source miles from my habitation. The village spire is communing with the last sunbeam; the mountain tops bid a reluctant farewell to the light of day; sprightly throngs of youth gathered about the doors of neighbouring cottages echo with their joyous carols, the music of the evening bird and all is still, still as the slumber of a babe. In yonder church-yard a solitary stranger leans over a mouldered tomb; but I must cease. Pardon an old man’s prolixness. That field of graves stirred up some half sleeping imagination, it has jarred the spring of memory. I will tell you a tale of other days.

‘My father and mother died in my early youth, the former perished at sea, leaving me under the guardianship of some distant relatives to whose care my property and estate were solemnly entrusted. Of my parents I have but feeble recollection. My father commenced the business of his profession young in life. Richly gifted in mind he commanded the admiration and respect of the public before whom in his professional capacity he was often

called to appear. He united with my mother forming a connection which no one anticipated and for which every one found it difficult to account. He was stern to a fault. She amiable and forgiving. He from habit taciturn and incommunicative, while his partner lived in the sympathy of her fellow beings. The result of the union was such as may be imagined. No complaints were heard from the wife and nothing could be discovered from the countenance and manner of the husband, but the former was frequently surprised in tears, her hands enclasping her once joyous features as if in all the agony of wounded and irritated feeling. Her cheek grew pale and thin, her form wasted and she died. I was too young at that time to realize the loss I had sustained, but I remember, vividly remember, the hour when she expired. She called me to her bedside and resting her hands on my forehead she prayed God to bless her child, her only child. Her hands pressed my brow and lingered amid the clustering curls which covered my head long after the lips had murmured the last faintly uttered syllable. I turned my tearful eyes to my mother but the pure spirit had breathed itself away.

'I grew up an orphan. Without the wisdom and control of a father to counsel and discipline me, without the advice and tenderness of a mother to restrain my uncurbed disposition and meliorate the harshness of passion and temper, and committed to the charge of regardless and improvident guardians, none need be informed of my melancholy situation. Not melancholy in that it produced in me gloomy feelings and disquietude of spirit, for to these horrors my youth was a stranger. But melancholy in its consequences. My naturally strong passions were unbridled and impetuous, and ruinous was their career.

'The trustees to whom was committed the management of my property and education were culpable in the performance of their duty. Carrol Harvey was not a wealthy man: his fortune was inconsiderable, and the sudden increase of his establishment after the death of my father excited some shrewd suspicions as to the manner in which he procured so rapid an influx of property. These suspicions however were unharboured in my breast. I was supplied with funds whenever demanded. I broke over the restraints imposed upon my inclinations, and though I had frequently reason from their scrutinizing censorship to doubt the existence of affection for me in the breasts of my relatives, I troubled myself little on the subject. Moreover so much did I despise the character of Mr. Harvey, I could not conceive him guilty of the baseness many apprehended. So largely had weakness and superstition entered into his composition, I did not allow room for treachery. Mrs. Harvey was a woman of high sounding pretensions. The long line of illustrious ancestry from whom she traced her pedigree was her

most constant theme. At the commencement and throughout the course of the revolutionary war she maintained a decided sentiment of favour for the mother country, accorded with the Tories in their exclamations of wonder at the unfilial proceedings of the colonies and poured in with them her anathemas upon the ungrateful and turbulent rebels. In consequence of this I became no great favourite of the worthy woman. This would have passed unheeded had not the constant malevolence of disposition she exhibited, excited an indignation that finally settled into deep rooted enmity. Our mutual animosity was increased by circumstances. True, I was in boyhood headstrong, fond of my own method of doing things and not at all disposed to hear patiently and take for gospel the positive commands of my guardians. Yet the wildness of youth can never be effectually curbed by the enforcement of a severe method of education. The heart may bow in terror to superior authority, but remove the weight to which it is thus subjected and it instantly regains all its former elasticity. Win the affections by gentleness and kindness and you bind the man with ties stronger than the irons of a rigorous discipline. My feelings needed but the touch of love to spring like spirits at the magicians call and leave the desolateness of their solitude for sweet communion with mankind. Yet the mildness of affection never followed me in my wanderings, at every path in which I chanced to stray, stood the hyena of domestic despotism presenting an obstruction, which nothing but equal force could overcome.

'My youth passed away in academic and legal studies. With the discontinuance of the former I had lost the rudeness of immature age and with the commencement of the latter I pressed forward under the exciting power of a great principle which permitted no sleep to my eyes, or cessation of effort. I won the idol of ambition in my fancy, and morn, noon and eve bowed down and worshipped.

'Among the inhabitants of our little village was an aged man who had long been a Judge in our higher courts. With a widowed daughter and two grand-children, he occupied the large mansion on the summit of a small but beautiful eminence in the rear of the village. Though reserved in manner; and apparently unconcerned about the active business of life, Richard Wendell had a warm and benevolent heart, and displayed in the management of his affairs a tact and intimate knowledge of mankind and the ways of men, rarely possessed, and never found save in those who have devoted a long life to observation and profited by the collected fruits of their experience. The daughter of this gentleman, a lady of middle age, displayed in her gentle demeanor and engaging politeness, that, which without striking the attention wins the heart. The children of this widowed woman—but of them how can I speak? The one my constant

companion became as my brother. He was a noble heart. A disposition as open and generous as Heaven with a mind of great power, rendered him a friend, dear indeed. We encouraged one another in toil, comforted in sorrow and congratulated in joy. As were David and Jonathan so were we. Oh, that in death we had remained undivided. Emily Warren had her mother's white brow and dark pensive eye. The same sweet expression of features with all the grace and bloom of youth. The loveliness of nature unrul'd by art. Yet there was a mournfulness of expression in that infantile face slightly as sorrow had left its traces there. Every tone of her voice confirmed the impression the features were calculated to produce. There was a melancholy music in its low notes which vibrated on the ear like the last sigh of an *Æolian*. You would remember it if you was looking at a beautiful prospect and wishing to hear spirits breathe from sky and forest and water the melody of their being. Could I exist near Emily Warren and be insensible? We grew up together and our mutual attachment was perceived and encouraged. We loved and our plighted faith promised the consummation of our bliss.

It was at the close of my career as a student and the eve of a stormy summer day, in which drizzling drops, muddy streets and saturated clothing conspire to render a mortal unhappy as his nature can well endure, when I left the office where I had occupied the day in my usual pursuits, for the evening repast to which I had been summoned by one of the numerous domestics of my guardian's household. As I traced my steps gradually over the lawn extended in front of our dwelling, I could not fail to notice the sudden vicissitude of the weather and admire the beauty of the closing day. The clouds which had formed a watery canopy since early morning had broken up, and their disjointed masses floated to the horizon, where the detached parts united in one giant shape that seemed rearing its mighty form to witness the beautiful sunset, and catch upon its own dark front a few expiring rays of glory. Upon the Sound that was stretched out near my feet and not far distant a tall ship was majestically sailing, her canvass flowing with the breeze and the lofty pennon fluttering in the zephyr that wafted her onward. I gazed one moment at the beautiful sight and slowly averted my eyes, for the view touched the spring of a thousand hidden associations and recalled to memory the long forgotten thoughts of childhood. My father's untimely fate struck my soul, and the image of a dying mother stole in all its melancholy sweetness over my freshened recollection. That moment a familiar touch of my arm aroused my attention and by my side stood Charles Warren whose hasty steps had followed my own. "A beautiful evening Edgerton." "It is truly beautiful." "Methinks your

feelings ill accord with the cheerfulness of nature around you," responded Warren, glancing at the eye which sudden remembrance had suffused. "I trust these tears will vanish speedily as the rains have departed and give place to as glorious a smile as nature now wears." "That ship brought back other days." "Yonder ship, oh, pardon me my friend, I thought not of it and yet you will excuse me when I wonder that your sensibilities are still so tender upon recalling one whose features you do not remember, however deeply his worth may be impressed on your mind." "It is not his death Warren, abstractly considered, but I thought of the parental affections and guidance which would have so materially altered my condition, that the fount of instruction and delight was choked up as the parched traveller approached it." "I have heard of your father's fame, he lives in the green remembrance of his countrymen, but Edgerton surely you can feel a proud satisfaction in reflecting that you have chiselled out for yourself those lessons of practical wisdom which have enriched you in the respect and admiration of your many friends, and that the benevolence, whether caused by innate good feeling, or unassignable to any motive, you have manifested, has attached to your interest the hearts of all your townsmen." I was about to reply, when another summons arrived for my appearance at home, and I took a hasty leave of my friend. I entered the room where my testy relative was impatiently awaiting my return. I found the good lady in one of her angriest moods and left her presence lest my excited passions should find vent and overpower my cooler judgment. My course was directed to the library where Mr. Harvey had requested me to meet him upon matters of business and moment. This singular being, so entirely was he impregnated with superstition, rarely trusted himself alone at night, or in darkness. He uniformly avoided solitude. The lashings of conscience as was the general supposition drove him into society and bustle. Frequently and awfully alarmed by fancied appearances operating upon an imbecile imagination he had been reduced to the very borders of death and with difficulty was restored by the constant and careful application of medical aid. My guardian was sitting near a circular table that was placed before him, covered with a large number of papers scattered without much order or regularity. Carrol Harvey was a tall, gaunt man, of severe countenance and when I entered was wiping the dust from the brazen rimmed glasses which had decorated his nose for years. He motioned me to a seat by his side. I sat down. "The light is dim," said he, with some embarrassment. "I will disencumber it of its load," answered I. I applied the huge snuffers but in my awkwardness and hurry extinguished the flame. "Curse it," said my Guardian vehemently. I hastened from the apartment to retrieve as speedily as possible my error. I traversed

the range of rooms which intervened between the library and the place of my destination, and having despatched my business returned. I approached the door, opened it and beheld in a stream of moonlight which illumined the floor, the table overthrown, the papers scattered and my guardian prostrate and senseless. For one moment and but for one moment I paused in amazement. The next rushing to the side of the fallen man and lifting his form from which life seemed to have almost departed I loudly vociferated for help. Again I cried louder than before, but no answer. Pouring some water which stood near over his temples I raised the window and lifting the nearly inanimate body in my arms suffered the cool air to reach the face that seemed convulsed in the last agony. Collecting all my strength, with one desperate exertion I shouted till the ceiling trembled. I listened breathlessly for an answer. Quick footsteps sounded in the passage and in a moment several domestics sprang into the room and bounded to my side. They lifted the body and conveyed it to the apartment where the wife of the senseless man unconscious of the circumstances still remained. Medical assistance was quickly procured and every restorative employed which skill could devise or anxiety suggest. For a long time all proved useless. At length the invalid slowly opened his eyes and looked wildly around. He closed them with a convulsive motion and clasped his hands over his face. Now and then he uttered a faint groan and murmured unintelligibly. I was called on for an explanation of the circumstances. As far as I was able I gave it. The physicians ordered all to vacate the room but Mrs. Harvey and myself. Night passed away as I sat by the bedside of the sick. The remarkable occurrence of the evening had excited an astonishment which was giving way to the effects of fatigue and restlessness upon my system when a loud cry brought me to my feet. Harvey had awoke from a restless slumber. He raised himself in his bed in the agonies of convulsion. "Draw near me, Albert," and as he spake his eyes almost started from their sockets, every muscle of his face was writhed in contortions and his clenched hands were closely knit against his breast. "Draw near me. I am a dying man. I shall never see another sun. I confess before God"—here he paused. "And yet I am not the only guilty one. Your father left you immense wealth to revert to us in case of your death. That wealth has been squandered by me. You are ruined and penniless." "Villain," I muttered. "He raves," said Mrs. Harvey. "What is the cause of his delirium?" "I know not." "I will tell ye the cause," said the dying man, "a spirit, no, it was," and he pointed his palsied finger at me "Albert Edgerton, it was a spirit, and"—here the words ceased from his lips and he fell cold and dead upon his pillow. He was a victim to the phrenzy of his superstition.

(Concluded in our next.)

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1832.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

'Is it the moody owl that shrieks?

Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?"

The thing in the world I am most afraid of, is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne.*

In the autumn of 18—, I journeyed, for the first time, into the western part of the state of New-York. Embarking upon the Erie Canal at Utica, the middle section of that great work having just been completed, I continued thereon to its western termination at Montezuma. This place has since increased to a village respectable for its size and importance. At the period of which I am now speaking, it was quite small, and the houses scattered and irregular. It stood upon the margin of the Seneca outlet, not far below the estuary of the Canandaigua creek, a deep sluggish stream, winding its way by a current so slow as to be nearly imperceptible, through the wide track of sunken lands known as the Cayuga marshes.—Several salt springs issue from the ground at Montezuma; and the inhabitants of the village then consisted principally of persons engaged in the manufacture of that article of prime necessity, or salt-boilers—as the operatives in the work of evaporation and crystalization are called. They were as rough looking specimens of humanity as one would desire to see at any time of day. I had, years before, heard unfavourable, and, probably, exaggerated reports respecting these people, particularly those connected with the more extensive manufactories at the great Salt Lick of Onondaga; and having then recently been compelled to pass a very uncomfortable night at Salina, among these rude fellows, with black beards, profane tongues, matted hair, and bushy eye-brows, I did not care to have more of their acquaintance. The country was new, and the deep forests had not yet far retreated from the village.

It was late in October, about noon of a cold day, when the canal packet reached the said village of Montezuma; and the next stage I wished to make was to Lyons, sixteen miles. My business required my presence at that place on the following morning. But much to my annoyance, the road across the marshes was pronounced utterly impassible. To go round them, by the way of the Cayuga bridge and Geneva, would occupy the whole of another day, and probably defeat the purpose of my journey. I stated my case, and was advised to charter a row boat with a couple of oarsmen, and proceed by water to the block-house, as the site of the present village of Clyde was then called. The distance was only eight miles in a direct line, and but fifteen to follow the devious course of the Canandaigua creek or outlet, large enough at this place to deserve the name of river. From the block-house to Lyons the road was reported good; and I was assured that, by selecting this route, I should

be able to reach the former place before sunset, and Lyons early in the evening. I adopted this arrangement; and my fellow passengers took their departure in the coaches, leaving me with the dark looking salt-boilers. My first business was to search about for the boat and oarsman, which I had been assured, at the little tavern, could be procured in five minutes. The landlord himself volunteered to go on the errand. He was a sullen looking fellow, thick skinned, and his complexion colorless. His eyes were light blue and restless. His thick matted hair had long been a stranger to a comb. And his conduct was marked by a phlegmatic demeanor, and an immobility of countenance, which I did not like. There were treachery and suspicion in his looks. His wife, moreover, with a shrill harsh voice, had made herself rather officious in producing my determination to suffer the coach to depart without me; and the lines of avarice were deeply furrowed in her skinny features. Mine host was gone a long time. I grew impatient and followed him. It appeared that the boat was a mile off, and must be sent for. It came at last; and it was then discovered that one of the boatmen was absent, and a substitute must be provided. It was now past two o'clock, and I was compelled to order some refreshment. A miserable dinner having been despatched, of which every thing was sour except the pickles, I thought, by this time surely, I could take my departure. But not so: one of the oars had been broken by the boys, and a new one must be fitted to the boat. Here, then, was employment for another hour. I became still more impatient and restless. The sun was now sinking rapidly into the western horizon, and I as far from the block-house as at noon. The boatmen came; but they were not the comeliest of the human family. The one who belonged to the boat was of small stature, a low retreating forehead, with large projecting eyes of a light gray. The new recruit, however, was a large Patagonian-looking fellow, with deep sunken coal-black eyes, lank hair hanging in coarse knots and flakes upon his shoulders, with dark shaggy whiskers extending entirely round beneath his chin, and a determined dare-devil look. I was well dressed, with handsome travelling luggage, a valuable gold watch, and elegant trimmings to correspond. These trappings, I had heedlessly disclosed to them, while anxiously eyeing the sun, and vexatiously counting the hours and minutes upon the dial of my beautiful chronometer. I now began to convince myself that I had observed some sly and significant glances at my baggage, and other inviting appendages. It was evident that every pretext for delay had been resorted to; and I began heartily to wish myself in the post-coach, on the round about way by Geneva and Robin Hood's barn.— But it was too late: no means of land conveyance were left: I had made my election, and must abide the issue. It really seemed as

though the boat would never be prepared to depart. And even if it should be in readiness before evening, I began to question the prudence of a night voyage, under such circumstances and with such companions. But to remain in that place, and among such people, was as dangerous as to depart. My business being urgent, I at length resolved to proceed. Finally, all matters having been arranged, I embarked just before the sun disappeared in the west. The boat skimmed lightly over the smooth waters, and we rapidly ascended the stream. Before we had proceeded a mile, however, the last mellow tints of the sun, which had gilded the tree tops with blooming gold, disappeared, and the stars began to be reflected from the bright waters, sparkling yet more brilliantly as the gray twilight deepened into night. Having rowed about two miles, our course was suddenly changed several points to the west, as we entered the deep narrow channel of Canandaigua outlet, and plunged into a dark and dreary forest, 'the nodding horrors of whose shady branches seemed brooding with peril.' It was one of the most thickly set wildernesses I had ever seen. The olden trees were of a lofty and gigantic stature, and the brushwood thick and deep-tangled. Added to this, the high rank grass of the marshes clothed the margin of the river so densely, that, even in the day time, it would have been impossible, while in the boat to have discerned an object at the distance of five feet from the stream. The river was very narrow, and its course crooked as the serpent's track. Overhead, the thick wide-spreading arms of the trees, from either side, interlocked, and soon excluded all light, save that which at intervals gleamed through an occasional aperture of the 'innumerable branches,' rendering the palpable darkness more visible. We had proceeded thus far in silence, the men plying very leisurely at their oars; while muffled in my cloak, I sat passively in the stern of the boat. The darkness was like that of a dungeon; the air was dank, and the gloom oppressive. Not a sound fell upon the ear, save the light plash of the oars, the hollow murmuring of the wind through the lofty branches of the trees, and the occasional rustling of the grass, now partially crisped and withered by the autumnal frosts. My thoughts were dwelling upon the delays and other events of the afternoon, and strange fancies shot through my brain. There seemed no end to these horrid shades; and it was evident that the bandit-looking landlord had urged me to adopt this route from some sinister motive. It was likewise evident that no effort had been made to facilitate my departure. A number of circumstances, then unnoticed, but now vivid in the recollection, rendered it equally clear that close and searching observations had been made of my luggage and attire. Whence these delays, these significant looks, these searching glances? And more than all, why had the

boatmen pulled so slowly since our departure? The inference was irresistible that they did not wish to pass through the forest during the night. Why, then, should they have brought me into it at such a late and unseemly hour? Around and above it was dark as Erebus.—Cold chills ever and anon crept over me, as these reflections passed hurriedly through my troubled brain, and a clammy sweat stood upon my brow. I tried to rally my spirits, and converse with my companions. But I could find but little to say and provoked still less in reply, and not a word from him of the black glittering eye. Occasionally they talked a little to each other in an under tone.—This half whispering made me still more suspicious; and I started at every rustling of the grass, or movement of the sere leaves, or crackling of a stick beneath the tread of some light-footed inhabitant of the forest.—Once an owl hooted dismally over our heads. This was an evil omen. The stoutest heart will sometimes flutter for an instant, at the startling scream of the bird of night, while the whoop of the Indian, or the howl of the wolf would pass, in a measure, unheeded.—There was a heavy hammer of iron, which on entering the boat, I had observed lying about four feet from me. I wished now to secure this instrument, to be used in case of emergency; and by rising as if to re-adjust the folds of my cloak, and half falling forward, I managed to obtain it and recover my seat, without, as I supposed, creating any suspicion of my design. I grasped it with a firm hand. Again these sons of Charon consulted together in the same low voice as before. The forest grew deeper and thicker, the air more black and substantial, and the stream wound its serpentine course along, seemingly without end. Hours passed away, and the same lazy gentle plash, plash of the oars continued, as though those who held them cared not to advance. By and by a little opening through the dense leafy canopy above afforded star-light enough to disclose a jam of drift-wood, through which it was difficult to make our way. And here, once more, my strange navigators rested upon their oars, and held another brief consultation. I whistled with affected unconcern, grasped the hammer more tightly, and then tried to hum a song. But it was in vain.—The heavy load upon my spirits increased to a painful degree. Again the forest thickened, and we were plunged once more into darkest night. Now, all at once, the boat stopped still, and the boatmen drew up their oars. What an awful stillness was that!—The oarsmen were again in conversation, but I could not distinguish their words.—My heart rose into my throat. The boat, apparently, lay in a little cove. ‘Could there,’ thought I, ‘be a more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for a deed without a name!’ They seemed to be taking something from beneath their coats, and I saw, or thought I saw, the bright glance of a blade of steel,

while my blood was curdling in cold icy streams through my veins. I clenched the hammer with a firmer grasp. ‘Wretches!’ thought I, no longer doubting their foul purposes, ‘your scheme was well concerted: but my life shall be sold at the dearest rate.’ One of them half rose upon his feet, fumbling, at the same time, for something in his pocket. ‘Now,’ methought, ‘the dreadful moment has arrived.’ I drew a long breath, and braced my feet against the ribs of the boat, that I might not easily be thrown overboard. ‘Mister—a-hem,’ said he of the dark piercing eye, as he was apparently beginning to advance. I partly rose also to meet him with the greater force. ‘I say, Mister,’ he repeated, raising and slowly extending his right arm—I almost heard him cock the pistol. But he continued, ‘Its a rare and chilly night this, I call it: the marshes is damp and fever-ague-ish-like: we have a long splice of three or four miles to go yet; and so, Mister, wont you take a drop of whiskey, by word of mouth, out of this ’ere bottle here? Not but what we ’spose you’d like a little old Jamecky sperits better. Be sure the nose of the plauggy bottle’s broke a leetle; but howsomever, that wont make the whiskey taste no worse, I reckon.’ The hammer dropt from my hand as softly as I could let it down; and had Pelion and Ossa, all the giants, and the nightmare to boot, been pressing upon me at once, their sudden removal would not have brought greater relief. I took the bottle and quaffed the most grateful draught I had ever swallowed. The boat then moved on with accelerated progress. We at length emerged from the blind snares of the leafy labyrinth, through which we had so long been groping. The moon soon afterwards arose, though ‘in clouded majesty;’ but before we had left the forest half a mile a stern, she

‘Unveiled her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.’

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

The Baron de Launston states that he was at Lacknaor, when an epidemic distemper was raging, and when the road to the palace was covered with the sick and the dying. The Nabob came out on his Elephant.—his slaves, regardless of their unhappy fellow creatures, made no attempt to clear the road: but the more charitable beast, without any command, lifted some out of the way with his trunk, and stepped so carefully among others, that none were hurt. An effect of intelligence even more extraordinary than the instance we have mentioned, is recorded upon the authority of an artillery officer, who witnessed the transaction. The battering train, going to the siege of Seringapatam, had to cross the bed of a river that resembled the other rivers of the peninsula, which have, during the dry season, but a small stream of water running through them, though

their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding with quicksands. It happened that one artilleryman, who was seated on a tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off, in such a situation, that in a second or two the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, who was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of the fallen man.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ODD AND EVEN.

A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price.

Why, says the doctor, I cannot think of charging you less than seven and sixpence.

Well I'll tell you what, replies the sailor, take off the odd, and I will pay you the even.

Well returned the doctor, we won't quarrel about trifles.

The sailor laid down sixpence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

No mistake at all, sir; six is even and seven is odd all the world over, so I bid you good day.

Get you gone, said the doctor; I've made four pence out of you yet.

Dr. Bushby, whose figure is beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-house, by an Irish baronet, of colossal stature, with, 'May I pass to my seat, O giant?' When the doctor politely made way, and replied, 'Pass O pigmy.' 'Oh, sir,' said the baronet, 'my expression alluded to the size of your intellect.' 'And my expression,' said the doctor, 'to the size of yours.'

Logical Illustration.—A laymen in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of Deity. 'Brethren,—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1831.

¹ Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

In the prime of life, in the midst of an unusual degree of health and of usefulness to himself and others, has one of our most respectable and intelligent citizens been cut off, as it were in a moment. On Saturday last, Capt. George Maxwell left this city for Catskill, accompanied by his son and several other boys, his pupils. They were on skates and had proceeded about three miles down the river, when Mr. Maxwell and two of the boys unfortunately run on an opening but thinly covered with ice, which breaking,

precipitated them into the river; they arose and, holding on the ice, sustained themselves for a time. The son of Mr. Maxwell, in endeavoring to assist his father, also fell in, but he and the other two boys by the aid of those in company and the assistance of Mr. Pierce, living on the bank of the river, to whom much credit is due, were ultimately saved, while the lamented Maxwell found a watery grave. Mr. Maxwell had latterly been engaged in teaching a Select School in this city, and had endeared himself by his kind and affable deportment to a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, who with two orphan children, entirely dependant on his exertions for support, are left to mourn his untimely fate.

The body of Mr. Maxwell was found on Sunday morning and conveyed to his friends.

Roxobel.—This is the title of a pleasant and instructive work just published by the Messrs. Harpers of New-York. It is from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood, author of the *Lady of the Manor*, *Little Henry* and his *Bearer &c. &c.* and is fully calculated to sustain the high reputation, as an agreeable writer, she has already acquired by her numerous productions for the edification and amusement of youth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Melange No. 2' was too late for this number, our paper being nearly all in type when it was received.

The poetic effusion of 'R.' will appear in our next.

The communication of 'Morris' was unfortunately laid aside and forgotten, but will be attended to as soon as possible.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending December 13th.

J. L. Schermahorn, Brainard's Bridge, N. Y. \$1; E. Noble, Allie's Hill, N. Y. \$1; R. D. Kemp, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; D. Harden, Leonard's Ville, N. Y. \$1; L. Curtiss, Salina, N. Y. \$1; W. C. Potter, Wheeling, Va. \$1; R. Youngs, West Greenfield, N. Y. \$2.

SUMMARY.

Never feed potatoes to stock without boiling or steaming, as this increases their nutritive qualities. Grind your corn with the cobs. It is better feed, and pays well for the trouble.

Tortoise shell and horn combs last much longer for having oil rubbed into them once in a while.

A large stone, put in the middle of a barrel of meal, is a good thing to keep it cool.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

An ear of corn has been gathered in New Brunswick, which contained 12 rows of 46 kernels each, making a total, of 552.

A steamboat of great power is now building by Messrs. Brown and Bell, at New York, expressly for towing vessels to and from the sea, and within the harbour.

It seems to be almost certain, that the Postage on Newspapers, will be repealed during the approaching session of Congress.

MARRIED.

In this city on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Alanson E. Hopkins, to Miss Pamela Hicks, all of this city.

At Dornyer, Madison co. on the 19th ult. by Abraham Hart, Esq. Mr. Thomas Marshall, of the firm of Marshall & Thane, Coopers of this place, formerly of Nantucket, Mass. to Miss Phebe Worth, daughter of Walter Worth of the former place.

In Hillsdale, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Shayer, Mr. Samuel Palmer, to Miss Nancy W. Richards, eldest daughter of Doct. Joseph Richards, all of the above place.

At Athens, on Sunday the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Lewis G. Buckley, to Miss Hannah Goldsmith, all of that place.

In Schoharie, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wiedeman, Mr. Stephen S. Riggs, Editor of the Schoenectady Cabinet, to Miss Julia Hammar, adopted daughter of Mr. John B. Vedder, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 6th inst. Frances Minert, infant daughter of Mr. Lyman Webster, aged 1 year, 3 months and 12 days.

On the 21st inst. in the town of Schaghticoke, Rensselaer County, Jacob Yates, Esq. in the 77th year of his age.

At Claverack on Wednesday the 30th ult. Harman Bay, Esq. late Clerk of this County, aged about 46 years.

In Troy, on Wednesday the 7th inst. Capt. Benjamin Mann, aged 93 years.

In Burlington Vt. Mr. Benjamin Butcher, a Revolutionary pensioner, aged 99 years.

In Medford, Mass. Mr. Amos Warren, aged 83 years.

In Dedham, Mass. Capt. Samuel Daggert, an officer of the Revolution, aged 89 years.

At Boston, Samuel Gore, Esq. aged 81, a respectable mechanic, and brother of the late Governor Gore.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository,

THE DEATH OF DIEBITSCH.

They came like an Alpine avalanche,
Torn from its ice-bound seat,
While shuddering Nature shook beneath
Their desolating feet;
A terror was o'er that bannered host,
Bleak ruin marked their way,
And they swept o'er Poland's sunny plains,
Like wolves that howled for prey.

Who met them there? from dreams of ages
Starting at war's alarm—
Who met them there, with her bosom bare,
And bare her lifted arm?
A spirit? aye—but she was breathing
Through hearts as true as steel—
Through the sturdy frames and iron nerves
Of millions who could feel.

Ye minions! strive with the ocean wave,
Carreering in its power;
Or strive with the tempest when its clouds
In black'ning masses lower,
Aye—strive with the whirlwind's awful wrath,
Destruction's mighty son,
Strive with the thunderbolt, when it puts
Its forked terrors on—

But when the sons of a nation rise,
And Freedom, bids them strike,
Aye—when they have burst their clanking chains,
And march forth giant-like;
Then—when they raise the avenging sword
Nerved by her thunder-call,
And on that last and desperate blow
Stake fortune, life, and all;—

Then—servile minions! who crouch to kiss
Your despot's broided hem,
War ye with your brother tremblers there,
Strive not, strive not with them.

* * * * *

And so thought Diebitsch when he saw
His legions swept away,
On many a dark disastrous field
Many a bloody day—
When he thought upon the bones that strewed,
The region he had pass'd,
And groaned, yes groaned, when he gazed afar
On Warsaw's heights at last.

'Twas night—and the Balkan hero sat,
High in his regal tent,
And the gifted and the valiant there
Their trembling footsteps bent;
And he welcomed them—with a stern smile,
He welcomed one and all
Of the rough and warlike throng, who came
To that high festival.

Hail conqueror of the Osmanlee!
Hail hero of the north!
But the greetings of the war-worn band,
From blanched lips burst forth.
The wine with a trembling hand was poured;
Beneath some spirit's sway,
The shout of unholy ribaldry,
Unchoed died away.

'Hours pass'd on'—The cup had put to flight
The pangs of haggard care;

And wildly rose the revelling dire
Upon the midnight air—
'Down with the Poles!' the cry went forth—
Again and then again
He shouts—for the dreams of godlike power
Were floating through his brain.

He dream'd that again he stood upon
The lofty Balkan height,
While the Sultan of the Ottoman
Was trembling in his might.
He thought how a nation's destinies
Were hanging on his hands,
'Aye—we will crush the devoted race,
And strew them like the sands.'

'Dream on, dream on, thou murderous man,
Yet hearken to thy call,
For the hand that wrote those mystic words
Upon Belsbazzar's wall,
That terrible hand which swept away
Syria's mighty host,
Aye the hand within whose hollow palm
The mountain wave is tost,

'Is on thee, Diebitsch—and a voice,
Which tells thine awful doom,
Sounds in the clang of unrighteous strife,
And in a nation's gloom.
By groans that have risen from Poland's plains—
The wretchedness of wrong—
By the shrill war-cry of an injured race,
And Freedom's lofty song—

'By the withering curse of down-trod man—
By the blood that thou hast shed,
The bolts of a vengeance stern and deep
Are quivering o'er thine head!
That night a foe—and a dreadful foe—
Stole on the feverish chief;
And there were heard within that tent,
Vain shriekings for relief—

A foe—but not with a banner'd march,
Midst battle's lurid flame,
With the trumpet's sound, or stirring drum,
Or clanging arms he came:
He came with the seal of Azrael—
With noiseless stealthy tread,
And the victor of the Ottoman
Was numbered with the dead.

Epsilon.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Three score (sixty years!)

PUZZLE II.—Icicle.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What Alphabetical tree abounds in New-Haven?

II.

What Alphabetical river is in South Carolina?

PRINTING INK.

A. Stoddard has just received a large supply of *Winter News Ink*, which will be sold by the keg at 25 Cents per lb. This Ink has been used for the Repository the three last years, and is warranted to be equal, if not superior, to any that can be purchased at the same price in Albany or New-York.

Almanacks for 1832,

FOR SALE, AT ASHBEL STODDARD'S BOOKSTORE.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 1 Engraving, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.